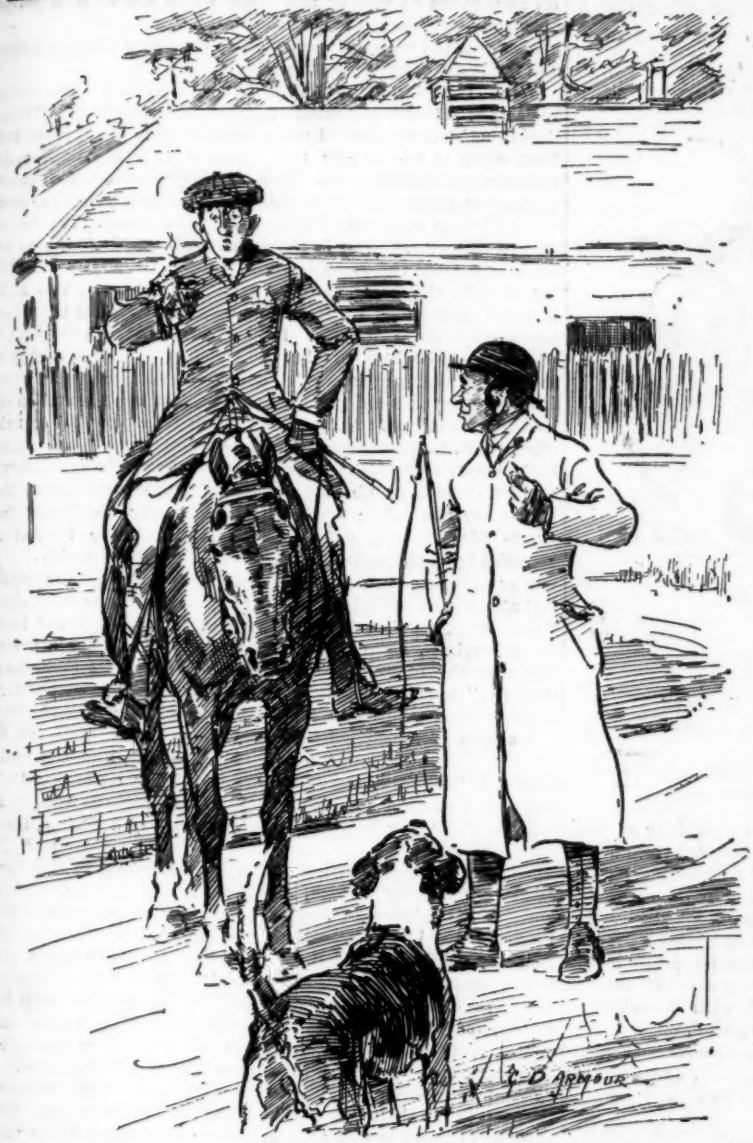


Young Footler (who has just taken the Blankshire County, and is buying drafts to improve the Pack). "Nice Hound that, Huntsman!"
Huntsman. "Yes, Sir. Particular grand drivin' 'Ound, Sir, in Skirmisties. No sooner in Cover than 'e 's out t'other End. No Whip in England can stop 'im!"
Young Footler. "I 'll have him. Quite remarkable. Very thing I want. They all say my Hounds are a bit slow."

ELECTION ETHICS.

(Some fragments from a candidate's speeches.)

I.—*At the beginning of the contest.*

. . . "And now one word concerning my opponent. While my views and those of Mr. Slumper do not quite coincide, I am delighted to pay my tribute of admiration to his great ability, to his irreproachable moral character. On this, at least, I am resolved, that this contest shall be absolutely free from that personal animosity and bitter ill-feeling which, unfortunately, is so often conspicuous in an electoral campaign."

II.—*Three days later.*

"Personalities, as I have already told you, are to be sternly discouraged by every conscientious politician. But Mr. Slumper's reference last night to my supposed change of opinions compels me just to say in passing that the accusation is absolutely false. No doubt it was supplied to him by some utterly unscrupulous person, but his readiness to accept it betrays, I confess, a want of good taste of which I should hardly have suspected him."

III.—*Four days later.*

"Mr. Slumper's extraordinary tactics must be brought to the light. Painful as the task is, his own behaviour has made it absolutely necessary. While professing such anxiety for the trade of this town which he aspires to represent, he has the duplicity—I use the mildest possible word—to order down his groceries from the Stores. Again, he has referred to me more than once as a money-grubber. But what of his own antecedents? Nothing less than a stern sense of duty would have driven me to the course I am about to take, namely, to give you the full history of the Slumper family, which has accumulated wealth by lending money at 50 per cent. . . . This slight digression, I see, has occupied half-an-hour. But enough of personalities. Let Mr. Slumper descend to them if he will—for myself, I regard them with contempt. Rather would I ask you to consider the Imperial problem which," etc., etc.

IV.—*On the day before the poll.*

"To-night I will not trouble you with any remarks about our home or foreign policy. No, I will simply ask you to concentrate your scathing gaze upon that pitiable, that ludicrous, object—the man Slumper—the man whose pockets are filled with money wrung from widows and children, the man who lacks all regard for truth, decency and honour—the fawning sycophant who endeavours to atone for the weakness of his intellect by the strength of his language—who has the colossal impudence to ask for your votes! . . . . Well, I have done. We have subjected the man Slumper to an impartial but searching scrutiny. Dismissing all other considerations from your mind, I would urge each elector to put this question to himself to-morrow—remembering the story about his uncle, and the beetle-powder incident, and the other details I have given you of his career—is this man Slumper worthy to represent you in Parliament?"

V.—*After the Declaration of the poll.*

. . . . "to accept my most heartfelt thanks for the honour you have conferred on me. Lastly, I should be ungrateful indeed did I fail to recognise the upright, courteous, and gentlemanly manner in which this contest has been conducted on both sides. Fortunate, indeed, have I been in finding an opponent against whom the most venomous scandal-monger could not dare to breathe a syllable, and I can assure Mr. Slumper that my profound respect for him has, if possible, been increased by our friendly struggle of the last few weeks."

A. C. D.

Porter. "Why is the Little Girl crying, Missie?"
Little Girl. "'Cos' she has put her Penny in there, and no Choc'late nor nuffing's come'd out!"

FROM NOR'-WESTERN LATITUDES.

Should you wish at any time to test the equability of your charming temper, try to study an ordinary full-sized folding-up map of any coast (wherever it may be) while standing on the upper deck of a swift-going steamer. Assisted by its playfellow the wind, with which it is clearly in league, it friskily resists every attempt on the part of its holder at unfolding it. Once unfolded, it makes the craftiest efforts to escape and go off for a lark with its boisterous playfellow aforesaid. It flutters upward with the wind, it dives downwards with the wind; it plays a wildly irritating game of "Here we go up, up, up! and here we go down, down, down O." Then, always backed up by the breeze, it gives you a slap in the face, whacks itself against your chest, and when in despair you give up any attempt at controlling its erratically obstreperous movements, contented only if it can be induced to be quietly and decorously folded up, and to be returned neatly to its binding. But it refuses as obstinately as did the Genie when the Fisherman requested him to behave like a good child and take to his bottle again (it wasn't a bottle, but something of the sort) and be hermetically sealed up. No, the map, the handy map, *won't*; it would rather be torn to pieces by the rough horse-play of the wind than behave as a decent respectable prettily coloured map, with the eyes of the Royal Geographical Society on it and a reputation to keep up, would naturally be expected to do. If, during these struggles of folding and unfolding, without ever getting from the map one item of information or the slightest satisfaction of any sort, you do not use one or more of the strongest expressions in your vocabulary of exclamations then are you, if not *the* very best tempered man in all this habitable globe, at least the next best, or "one of the best." Quite unexpectedly, the map—having momentarily lost its wind, or, perhaps, like a wayward child having suddenly tired of its amusement—folds itself quite nattily and goes to rest between its two covers as quietly and easily as though it had always been the best behaved map in the world.

Mem.—When on board you wish to consult a map, go below and lay it out carefully on the table.

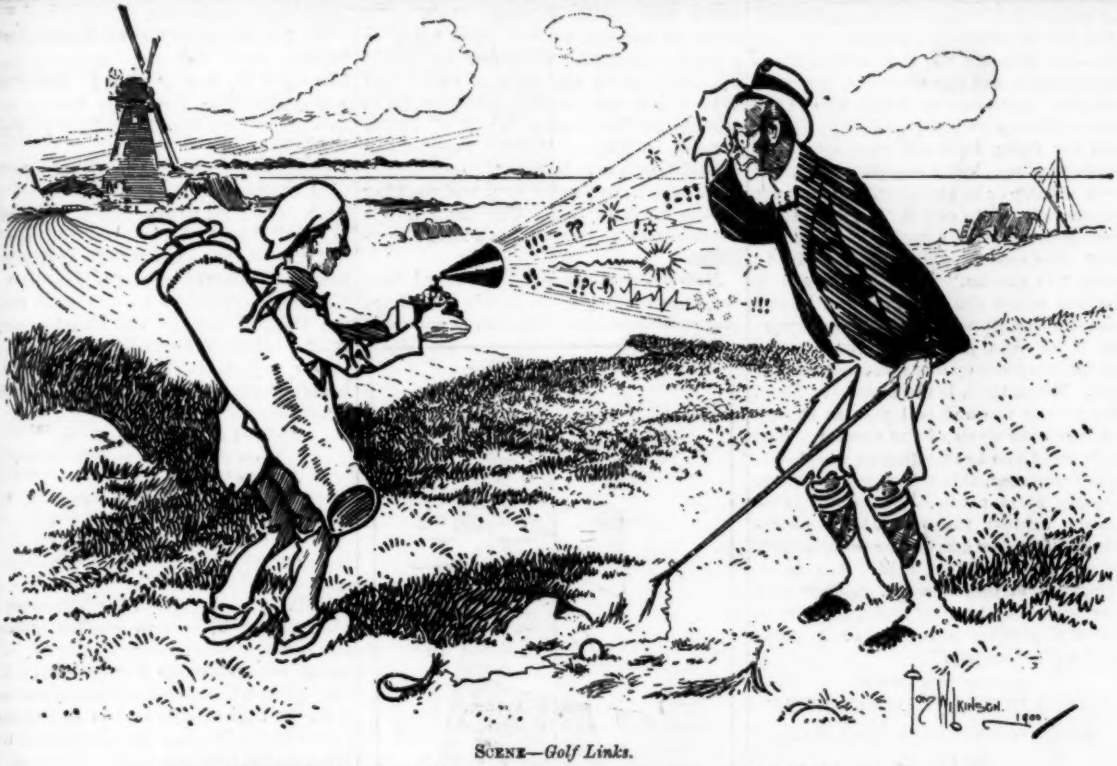
Note.—The MacBrayne officials, as I may have previously remarked, on the steamboats, are quite models of "Civil Servants," but protracted acquaintance with the MacBrayne fleet compels me to say that these vessels are capable of considerable improvement. And this improvement, too, could with great advantage be extended to the catering, which, good of its kind, is very commonplace and monotonous. The bill of fare on any one steamer is the same on all, and it seems to be more and more the same the oftener you travel by a David MacBrayne steamer. With the exception of one or two half-hearted oppositions with inferior boats, the MacBrayne has practically the monopoly. It's a "One Man one Boat" business. It ought not to be. The business is with very rare exceptions admirably managed, and the attention given by the MacBraynes at Head-quarters to any just representation is immediate and just. And of this I speak from personal experience. Yet, no government, however popular, can be a success without a strong opposition. The sooner Malcolm, MacIntellect, MacEnterprise & Co. start against David MacBrayne, the better for the public service and ultimately the better for David MacBrayne, unless David should prove himself a Solomon by anticipating the reform boldly but not rashly.

Why never a change in the *menu*? Granted, that for breakfast at 8.30 you can't improve to any considerable extent such "general-utility" dishes as eggs and bacon, eggs and ham, fresh herrings, some other fish, and marmalade for a finish. But why the eternal British "chop?" Couldn't there be a "currie," in honour of Sir Donald of that ilk, unless the MacBraynes are opposed to him in business and politics? Why not a dish of scrambled eggs served on toast? This can be kept hot perfectly well, "ready-made," in fact, like a "reach-me-down" suit, whereas an omelette must be "made to order," and eaten as soon as done. Certainly, as regards variety in feeding, their Mac Brayneships leave *beaucoup à désirer, beaucoup, beaucoup!*

A considerable proportion of the tourists about Scotland are foreigners, chiefly French, and I no longer wonder at their popular caricatures of English men and women, and of the English "Mees"; nor am I astonished at their ideas of our perpetual "Rosbif" food, and of our generally heavy and monotonous bills of fare, if they found their notions of English living on the specimens furnished by the *menus* on board steamers, and at the majority of even first-class hotels, and derive their ideas of customs and costumes from the types they encounter *en route* in the course of their holiday tours.

Oban.—The service of steamers is excellent: of the steamers themselves I shall have something to say later on. The MacBrayne fleet is well known, and no one would be so rash as to venture on a MacBrayn-less boat. One of the principal amusements for those on shore who neither voyage by sea nor tour on coach, or, I may say, advisedly, the only amusement regularly provided gratis for those on shore, lounging among ends of ropes, sharp-nosed collies, in company with a shepherd or two, a farmer or so, and a casual few of the travelling public, is the departure, likewise the arrival, of the various steamers large and small, plying to and fro between Oban and various other places. Perhaps, after a few days, even this excitement may begin to pall upon you. Still, I *have* known it survive all the other attractions. And why? Because different people arrive and leave by the same boats. Every time it is the same stage, under the old management, but "with new deck-orations, scenery, and appointments." It is always a different drama, with different characters, and you can arrange plot and under-plot for yourself.

If you would cut all work, and would take a genuine holiday, "far from the madding crowd,"—go to Oban. If you like a



Scene—*Golf Links.*

Very mild Gentleman (who has failed to hit the Ball five times in succession). "Well——"
Up-to-date Caddy (producing Gramophone charged with appropriate Expletives). "Allow me, Sir!"
[*Mild Gentleman* does *allow him, and moreover presents him with a shilling for handling the subject in such a masterly manner.*

holiday on lakes, up mountains, on the sea, with any amount of fishing, and on shore with some shooting, that is, should proprietors of game be friendly, and close at hand, then—go to Oban.

If, friend, you're intent
On amusement, and bent
On pleasures whereon there is no ban,
En vacance it is best
To travel Nor'-West,
And make your headquarters at Oban.

Congratulating Messrs. MacBrayne on the generally satisfactory state of their steamers, from an upper-bourgeois point of view a few improvements *might* be made even in these ships, which are now becoming somewhat ancient, and which ought to be made in any new vessel the MacBrayne may have in course of construction for this service. Let them model them on the latest P. & O. lines, and they can't go far wrong. At present there is no smoking-room to which smokers in wet weather, or at any other time, can retire; this refuge should be provided with a bar, where wine, spirits, tea, and coffee should be served. Depend upon it—to quote and specially apply the lines from some immortal but anonymous bard—this addition would "come as a boon and a blessing to men," emphatically to the majority of the sterner passengers. As to the lavatory department, the idea seems to have been to expend considerable cleverness in providing the least accommodation, which is good as far as it goes, for the greatest possible number.

Here again, *in every respect*, including telling off a man for this particular (very particular) department, the mighty MacBrayne power would find fair scope for the exercise of its ingenuity, and the result would, if I may venture to hazard an opinion, give general satisfaction. For the MacBrayne power, if it work slowly, will work cautiously, and will attempt no Mac-Hare-Brayne'd experiments.

Note.—When mentioning the *Chevalier*, which is one of the MacBrayne fleet, never pronounce the word, in French fashion, as "Shevaliay." Be careful to give it a kind of 'Arry-McCockney sound, pronouncing it as "Shĕvĕrleer," which is—alas for the poor Pretender!—the modern Scotch for "Cavalier."

Touring about in the shooting season, I express my increasing dislike for the snap-shooter. *Il n'y a rien sacré pour un photographiste* and no one can protect himself or herself from the weapon of the wily photographer. In one second, when you least expect it, when you are the least prepared for it, when you are looking your worst, you are *taken from life!* He, or she, is the modern representative of Robbie Burns's "Chiel amang ye taking notes, And, faith, he 'll print 'em!" That 's what they do; they take you; they book you and your living presentment—just that aspect of you that you don't see yourself in, and as you would rather that others did not see you; and so, for some weeks or months, your likeness leads an albuminous existence in a portrait gallery of perfect strangers. Speaking likenesses they may be when on familiar terms with one another, but all stiff and silent as a lot of English people in the *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner when they haven't, any of them, been introduced to one another.

In the tourist time in popular resorts, the bold but crafty snap-shooter secures a wonderful bag. He makes game of everybody and anybody, and takes him off in his own little shooting-box. How to protect yourself? You can't be always making hideous faces; you can't be perpetually turning your expres-

sive countenance into the lineaments of the traditional "Joey" of the pantomime. Have you the copyright in your own face? Can you step up to the surreptitious photographer and say severely, but with sufficient politeness — "Sir, you have taken a liberty with my property, I mean with my face; I do not care what the result may be, but I charge one guinea for a sitting or a standing, or whatever you may choose to call it"? If he refuse your demand what remedy have you at law? The case would appropriately be heard "*in camera.*" You can't dash at him and smash the apparatus, or he has a case for assault and battery against you; and if he be a professional he can sue you for very heavy damages, and win his case. What, then, is the remedy? None. He can take you and sell you, as though you were the slave of the camera. You can't avoid him by standing on your head; on the contrary, this unusual pose would strongly attract him. No; there is no remedy against the peripatetic photographer, whether amateur or professional. So no more need be said. But to be "sniped" in this manner, neither with your leave nor by your leave, does make anybody, whether a nobody or a somebody, a bit "snappy."

A CAPER IN THE "CAPERCAILZIE."

Leaves from the Log of Toby, M.P.

Last Leaf.

Sunday. Dunstaffnage.—A perfect September day in a perfect place. Steamed round from Oban last night in search of anchorage whereby to spend a quiet Sunday. The peace of the ideal Sabbath day broods over the hills that encircle this blue inlet. Oban, three miles distant by road, really a beautiful bay, is by comparison with our solitude, a noisy, vulgar place.

Tuesday. Brodick, Arran.—Yesterday steered due South, rounding Mull of Cantire, with Benmore Head on Irish Coast in full view. Anchored for dinner at Carradale, in good time to go a-fishing. Wonderful run of luck; sort of see-saw business; drop your bait, straightway pull it up with one, sometimes two, fine whiting vibrant with surprise.

Have patterns of their comely shape all down back of my coat. When I turned to haul up my fish usually heard a little scream behind; presently felt a thump on my back. Always knew by the feel whether our Lady had caught one fish or two. Never knew why she should whirl her loaded line in the air as if she was cracking a whip. Why she should scream whenever she got a bite also passeth understanding. If it had been the fish that screamed, would have been more in accord with the situation. Filled large pail in no time; rowed back in triumph to the yacht.

Thought to repeat experience to-night; other bays other fortunes. Bait went down as before; no fish came back, or none to speak of. What few we hauled up belonged to the class of undersized fish, which last session gave so much trouble to President of Board of Trade, harried by Cap'en Tommy Bowles and Jemmy Lowther. Returned to yacht with back of my coat quite dry, not smelling in the least of fish. Our Lady rather down-hearted. But we can't have everything.

Monday, Ayr.—Looking westward from the beach at Ayr on sunlit mornings,

LOVE'S PROMPTINGS.

Edwin (recit). "'There is no one beside thee, and no one above thee. Thou standest alone, as the nightingale sings!'" &c., &c.

Angelina (amorously). "Oh, Edwin, how *do* you think of such beautiful things?"

Arran bounds the horizon like a purple cloud of infinite softness. Lying at anchor at Brodick last evening could clearly see Ayr, set in the distant mainland. Made for it this morning, intending to cast anchor off the harbour and row ashore. But the royal burgh is of a retiring disposition. Probably that's why the Romans selected it as one of their settlements, preference equally shown by Edward I. The channel too shallow for craft drawing more than twelve feet water. Also there is shifting bar of sand you may chance to meet in unexpected quarter. Harbour formed by two long piers, their seaward points adorned by couple of minute lighthouses, suitable for display of farthing dips for the solace of storm-tossed mariners.

The harbour gained, cargo discharged or loaded, fresh difficulty presents itself. Have got in, how get out? Didn't see any performance, but fancy vessels have to back out as if retiring from presence of Majesty.

Capercailzie didn't try the conjuring trick of entering harbour. Too rough for boats to be used with comfort. So landed at Fairlie, took train; in due season brought to Ayr. Distance, twenty miles; time, two hours; changes of carriage, three.

Tuesday.—Visitors to Ayr must needs see Burns's cottage and eke his monument. Situated about two miles out of town; approached by beautiful banks of bonnie Doon. The waters seemed to sing the deathless verse:—

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sing o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

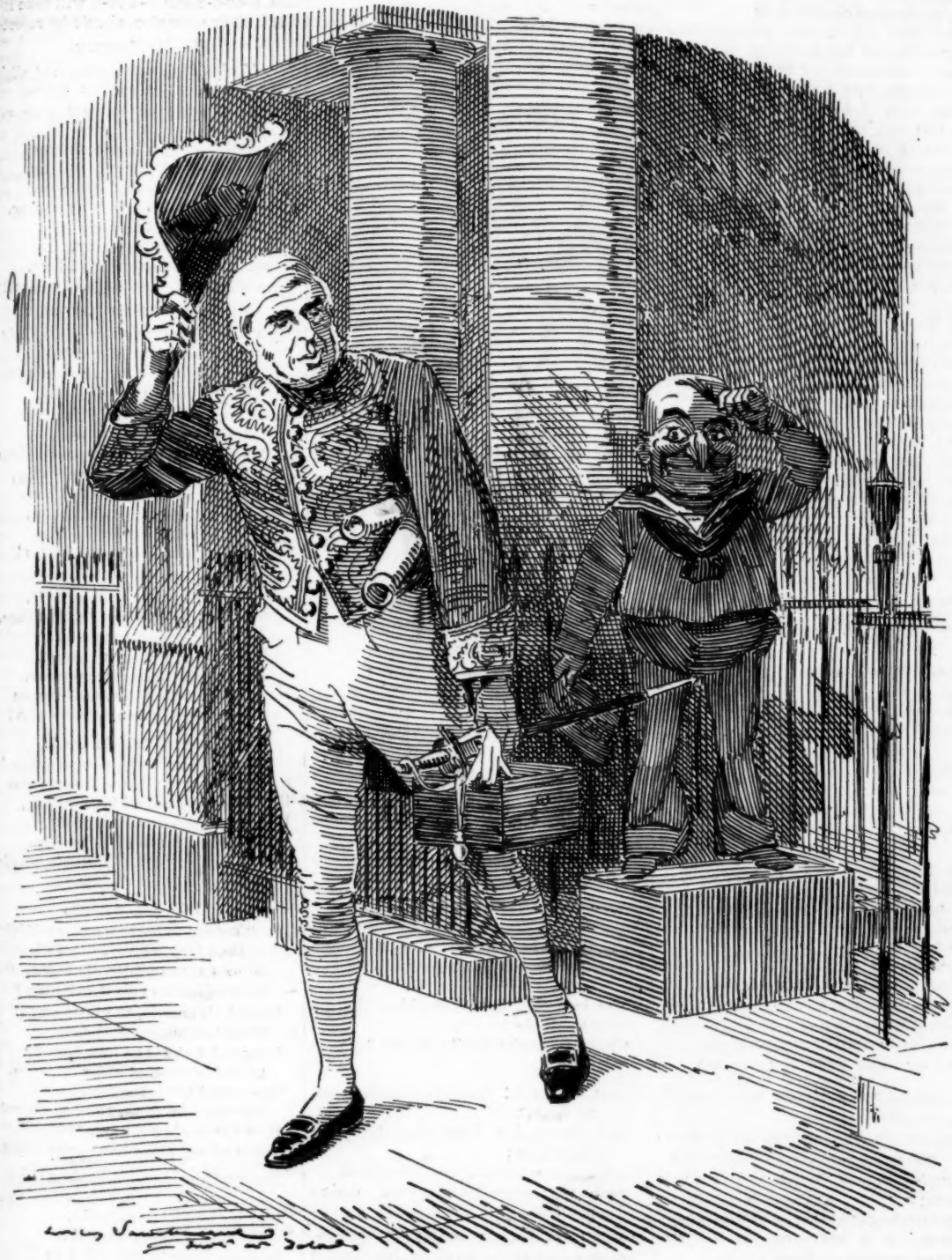
Walking by Doonside, the true lover of Burns approaches with quicker interest the early memorials of the man. The shock on arrival all the greater. The cottage in whose alcoved bed the poet was born is well enough; so is the cottage from the outside, because the sloping roof has been left untouched, and the low white-washed walls stand. But inside, alack! There is a charming little window inset in the thick wall, the bed aforesaid, and an ancient grate. For the rest there is a turnstile in the doorway, a man who sees you pay twopence before you pass it, a bazaar of cheap photographs, picture frames, trinket boxes and the like, each and all associating their vulgarity with the sacred name of Burns. Item, there is a table said to have been the property of Burns' parents, on which 'Arry has deeply cut his honoured name and that of 'Arriet. Finally, outside and inside there are hung flaming placards proclaiming refreshments on strictly temperance principles.

It is a pleasure turning the back on the monstrous Monument and its bazaar of cheap trifles, clamouring for bawbees in the sacred name of Robert Burns, to let the eye rest on the graceful curve of Auld Alloway brig, flying over which Tam o' Shanter's mare was riven of her tail. Nor may that be lingered over, for across the meadow comes a tuneless voice reciting verses from Burns, with intent to draw coppers from the passer-bye.

"Come away," said the Member for Sark. "Let us walk back to Ayr by bonny Doon.

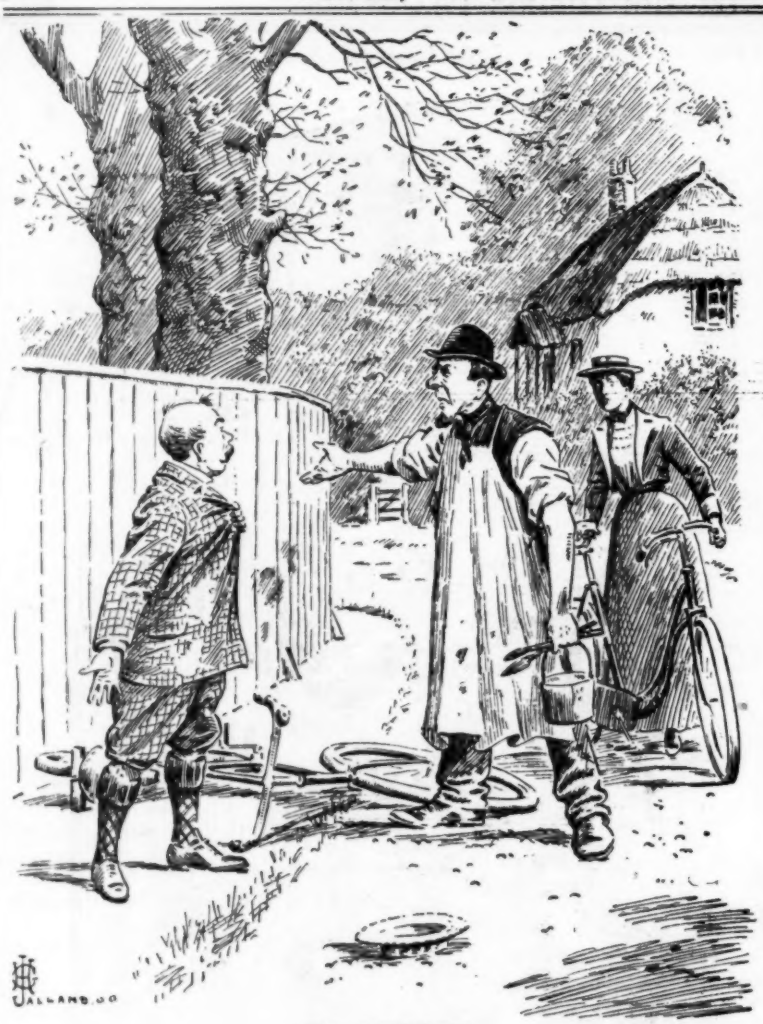
"'And my fause lover stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.'"

Never heard Sark sing before. But, then, have rarely seen him so angry.



OUT OF COMMISSION.

Punch (*A. B.*). "Goodbye, Sir; and *Good Luck!* You've done such a lot for the Service we're all sorry to lose you."



TU QUOQUE.

Cyclist (a beginner who has just collided with freshly-painted fence). "Confound your filthy Paint! Now, just look at my Coat!"
Painter. "'Ang yer bloomin' Coat! *'Ow about my Paint?*"

MR. PUNCH'S ELECTION ADDRESSES.

I.—Mr. Wyndham.

(The Under-Secretary for War adopts a jaunty metre in his address, and either feels, or feigns to feel, a serene confidence in the return of his Party to power.)

Now that fair Peace once more resumes her sway,
Now that the War is—practically—over,
I steel my heart to face a different fray,
And confidently claim the votes of Dover.

Peace hath her victories as well as war,
But war's the thing that really stirs the nation,
And brazen-throated war proclaims afar
The triumphs of the last administration.

There be, I know, some men of little soul,
Small-minded folk, mere Radicals and such,
Who fain would have you think that on the whole
Those triumphs don't amount to very much.

Be not deceived! Though some may call us weak,
Our action has been ever bold and strenuous;
In such a case to turn the other cheek
And cry *peccavimus* were disingenuous.

Our gallant troops sailed forth to Table Bay,
Well-armed with guns and well-equipped with horses,
And horse and gun, whatever people say,
Gave perfect satisfaction to the forces.

No war was ever waged with so much skill,
No Generals ever were so well selected,
And W-ls-l-y and P-ll M-ll will take it ill
If I, their champion, should be rejected!

II.—Mr. Morley.

(Mr. Morley's address is brief and slightly dolorous. The earnest appeal with which it concludes should move many to tears.)

Men of Montrose, whose suffrages
A second time I'm coyly wooing,
Who view with horrified distress
The course the Tories are pursuing,
Ye few but fit survivors of
A once considerable Party,
Support me, brothers whom I love,
—And, oh! let, your support be hearty!

III.—Sir William Harcourt.

(Sir William Harcourt is as full of fight as ever, and lays his uninviting programme before the electors with all his old gusto.)

Ye men of Monmouth (West),
Who at the last election
Poured balm into my wounded breast
When smarting from rejection,
Weigh well the price of Pride,
The cost of Empire's glories,
Rally to little England's side
And see me smash the Tories!

No ruthless wars I'll wage,
I'll seek peace and ensue it,
For when the nations furious rage,
The nations often rue it.
The Church requires Reform,
The Public-house repression,
And if we win I'll make it warm
For both of them next Session!

You'll see me take in hand
The High Church parson's scandals,
I'll take away his vestments and
I'll blow out all his candles;
I'll end the House of Lords,
I'll knock the Bishops silly,
I'll confiscate the Church's hoards
Or my name isn't Billy!

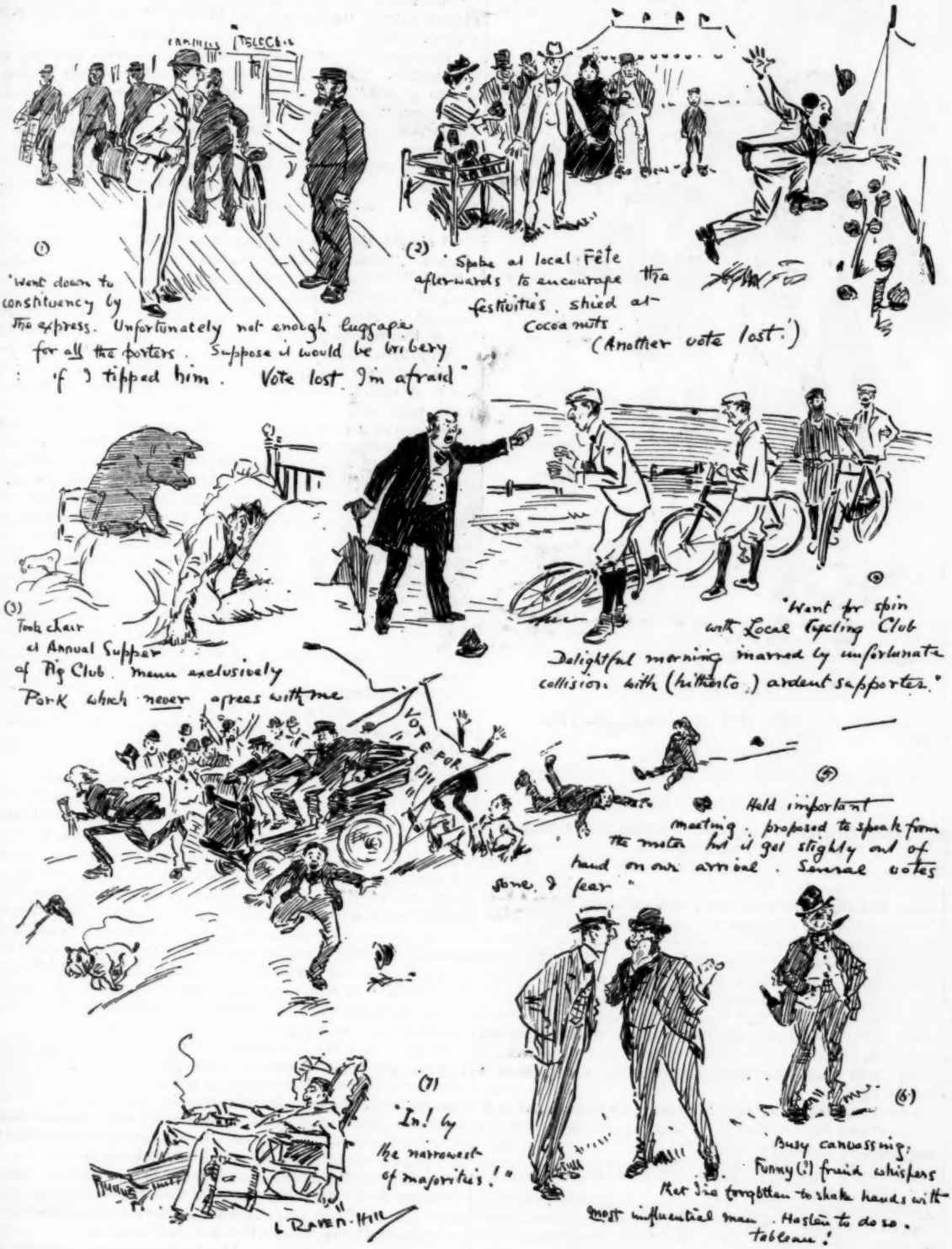
IV.—Dr. Clark.

(The fall from Ministers and ex-Ministers to Dr. Clark is great. But his address is so characteristic that Mr. Punch feels obliged to give it publicity.)

Men of Caithness, the Boer and I
Have fallen upon evil days,
From hill to hill the burghers fly
In half a hundred different ways.
The brutal British soldiers sack
The peaceful farm, the humble cot,
Poor Kruger's not expected back,
And all my plans have gone to pot.

Picture the old man's hapless plight—
All due, of course, to Jameson's raid—
Pity his ignominious flight,
Think of a salary unpaid!
In every Boer brêast will live
A righteous fire of discontent
If I, his rêpresentative,
Am not returned to Parliament!

LEAVES FROM A CANDIDATE'S DIARY.



Master Alexander (his first experience of low tide). "Just look here, Gladys; somebody 's been and pulled out the Plug!"

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A Great Thought for Every Day in the Year.

In Monthly Parts.

X.—THE JOHN OLIVER HOBBES SECTION.

(Continued.)

September 16th, 17th.—Lady Tarara-Gloriana-Mesopotamia-Variété de Pimpernel was wearing a sherry-coloured dress with canary facings, which enhanced the distinction, while it mitigated the obtrusiveness, of the Hittite streak in her complexion. Reserved yet expansive, sincere yet tortuous, cold yet inflammable, self-absorbed yet centrifugal, capable of devoutness yet also *capable de tout*, she was a mystery to most and a contradiction to all. Certainly she was too complex for Bien-entendue Fitz-Blouse, whose ingenuous nature was content to oscillate uneasily between a single pair of emotions—the faint memory of her first husband, and the fainter hope of securing Robert Porridge for her second. The two women had little in common beside their womanhood (shared by the sex) and their desire for Robert (shared by a considerable section of it).

18th to 20th.—"I think Mr. Browning is *so* true about soul and sense," said Bien-entendue. "Women, especially, seem to be half spiritual and half sensible."

"Half sensible?" said Lady Tarara-etc., bitterly. "I find them altogether stupid."

"I knew you must be badly in love, dear," said Bien-entendue, with quick intuition. "Who is it? Mine 's Robert Porridge."

She spoke with a simple candour that invited confidence.

Lady Tarara-etc.'s steel belt, studded with black pearls, snapped abruptly and flew across the boudoir; but she gave no other sign of the internal shock that she had sustained.

"And mine," she replied, as she collected the fragments with perfect aplomb, "mine is—Lord Flotsam." She was a gifted woman. The lie had a superb air of probability.

"Have you tried playing Patience, dear?" said Bien-entendue, very gently. "The 'Demon' is so good for the nerves. I often say to myself," she added, with a woman's tact for easy digression, "that life is indeed a school for saints. I do so dislike schools for saints. They sound like convents, and seem so *French*. Poor dear Alfred was very English, you know."

"There ought only to be boys' schools for saints," said Tarara-etc.; "and yet," with a sudden fury, "I could be as pious as a Vestal if a man's love was to be got by it. Ah! Bah!"

"I should think Lord Flotsam must be a very beautiful character," said Bien-entendue, innocently.

21st.—To Robert it was a matter of heart-searching that his sense of Midget's nearness varied inversely with her physical proximity. Thus, when she was a hundred miles away, he would inadvertently order dinner for two; but when he actually kissed her, as on the exceptional occasion of their betrothal, it seemed that she was almost round the corner of the next street. This gave a certain remoteness to his embrace, which still was recorded on the sensitive tablets of his conscience as a desecration. A little more of this strain and his taste for humour would have been permanently impaired.

22nd to 24th.—Flotsam, indeed, was uneasy about the marriage. To him the undivided devotion of his select circle was a thing too sacred to be lightly disturbed. To a friend who once reminded him that it is more blessed to give than to receive, he replied that in the case of true friendship he was prepared to waive the higher privilege. Yet it was not only for himself that he was concerned. True, he would miss Robert at piquet; but what was piquet compared with his friend's highest happiness, if such a marriage could consummate it? But could it? Wives, according to his creed, were ordained by Providence (an Institution which Flotsam had always supported as a matter of political conviction) to serve as the conventional decoration of a man's career; a mere favour (on the man's part) attached to his serious fighting panoply. Robert's more lofty conception of their purpose filled his friend with a despondent awe, which lent to his appearance as "best man" a very natural and becoming dignity.

25th to 27th.—The two men took up their ground, each with his pistol leaning up against the other's forehead. But here it is best to follow Robert's own description, addressed, the day after, to his patron, Lord Isle of Rum:—"'Is it to be *à l'outrance?*' I asked. '*À l'outrance*,' he replied, with a slight intonation of contempt, as if my French had been at fault; as if, in fact, I had given a false rendering of some notice-board at an exhibition directing people 'To the Egress.' Yet you, my Lord, have not devoted the best of your manhood to mediæval research without attaining to know that this inclusion of the definite article has the sanction of all the highest authorities on the *duello*. It was a subtle triumph of culture that I had achieved, after which it seemed a relative grossness to blow his head off. You will guess that it killed him.

"I admit that in my more sentient moments I suffer regrets. One may argue that it was not a lingering death; yet to kill a man, by whatever process, is an act that must ever remain irretrievable. Nor are my regrets adequately silenced by the reflection that his brain was his weakest point. Do not think me callous. Sarcasm is the relief of a mind too acutely alive to the pitifulness of mortality. Naturally, I am moving on. If your gout permits, address me, *Hôtel de la Résignation, Roma*."

28th to 30th.—The following passage is taken from an interview with Mr. Disraeli, published at a later period:—"Yes; after the duel he applied for the Chiltern Hundreds. I forwarded them, with reluctance, to his Italian address, *C'était un*

homme d'un bien beau passé, as Heine wrote of De Musset. His was a nature that throve on obstacles, and would have found the garden of the Hesperides intolerable with the dragon away. These scruples were respected by the lady who was free to become his wife. A weaker woman might have taken the veil: she retired into histrionics; and, as I understand, still enjoys a very passable repute. To speculate here on the familiar doctrine of general cussedness would be a laborious superfluity. I will content myself—as one who has ever obeyed the guidance of his own instincts—with an occasional apophthegm which I cull from my *répertoire*:—

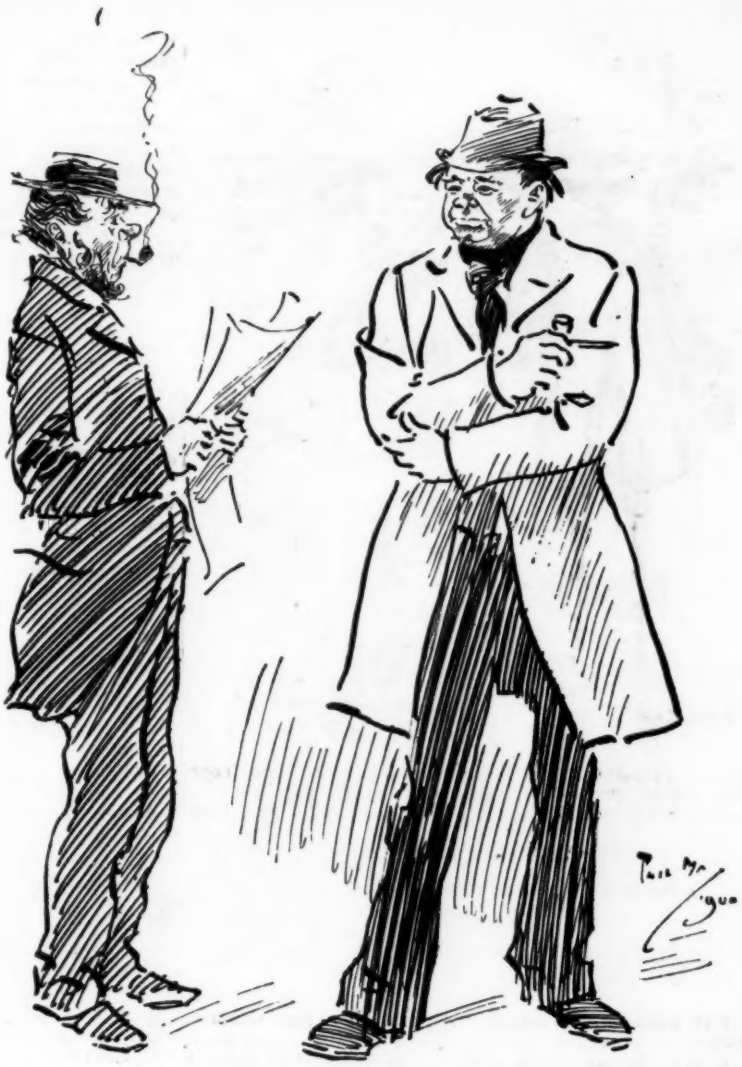
"*A fool is swept away by his impulses: a wise man parleys with them: only a god can afford to follow them blindly.*" O. S.

WHICH?

I 'd sing thee songs the whole day through,
  But that my voice is so contrary;
Of Araby or of Corfu,
  Of Margate or of Inverary,
I 'd make thee stop and listen too
  In drawing-room, or lawn, or dairy;
I 'd do all that for thee and drown
The quasi-tenor notes of Brown.

I 'd write thee lyrics, page on page
  Of tender love and deep devotion,
My burning sonnets would assuage
  An indispensable emotion.
If how the length of feet to gauge
  I had the very faintest notion,
I would delight thine heart which groans
Under the wretched squibs of Jones.

I 'd be thine Orpheus and thy Muse,
  For thee would sound my every measure,
If Providence would but infuse
  In me a poet's golden treasure.
'Twixt me and Jones and Brown must choose,
  As suits thy dear capricious pleasure,
And I—no tenor, no, nor poet,
Do love thee well—sweetheart, dost know it?



Murphy. "Whin the Wharr's over, I think there 'll be a Conscripchun."
Clancy. "No! There 'll be *no* Sconcripchun. But I think they 'll foorce ivery wan iv us to be Volenteers!"

POLITICAL SUGGESTIONS.

(By an old Campaigner.)

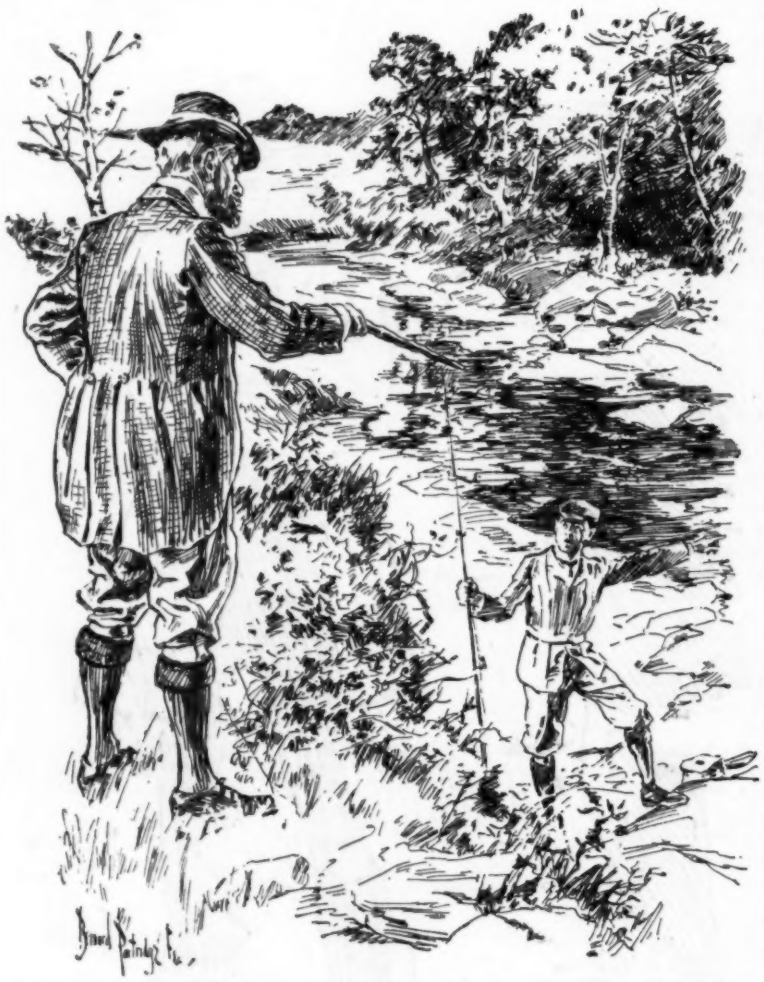
To the Liberal Candidate.—Be tearfully expansive. Remember your opponent is on the side of Tyranny and Oppression; *you* take your stand on the ancient and glorious Liberties—and so on and so on. If this doesn't fetch them, declaim against reckless extravagance, the wilful misappropriation of the nation's money. If you can't touch their hearts, try at least to touch their pockets.

To the Conservative Candidate.—Do not forget your opponent is a traitor to his country; that he would trample the British flag in the mire of pusillanimity. *Mem.*—Should he be an Imperialist, call him a weak-kneed wobbler, afraid to stand forth manfully; one who seeks to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. (Don't try and particularize who are the hounds.)

To either Candidate.—Don't be afraid of unlimited "gas"—at mass meetings. Speak of your opponent with exaggerated respect as a private individual, but add, you are compelled out of the profound affection you feel for the electors to state, that as a public man he is utterly (fill in with suitable expression of the most violent kind, *ad lib.*).

To the Local "Rag."—Never deal with the principles of the candidate whom you oppose. Be outrageously personal. It exasperates the victim—to retort. Then affect a pious horror that he should descend to such baseness and puerility as to blind the electors with personal trivialities, etc. Remember Eatanswill!

To the Elector.—Now is your chance. As a personage of middling (and often less than middling) intelligence, you will for a brief period enjoy an importance and a deference to your most ridiculous fads that you don't deserve and will never have another chance of being favoured with—till next election. Promise both sides. Distrust utterly the gentle canvasser. And thank your lucky stars when polling-day comes if, after an awful course of meetings and leaflets, you have the *faintest* glimmering as to what are the real issues of the political contest.



Irate Landowner (*to Angler*). "Hi, you, Sir! This is *my* water. You can't fish here."
Angler. "Oh, all right. Whose is that water up there round the bend?"
Irate Landowner. "Don't know: not mine. But this is."
Angler. "Very well. I'll wait till that flows down here!"

THE LOST LEADER.

(*Evidently intended for the post-bag of an Organ of not quite decided opinion.*)

Gas and Gaiters.

May Providence, or that part of it which smiles upon the really praiseworthy efforts of our limited company, be praised! Casting about, as we may confess that we were, for some point round which to rally, for some political ink with which to fill our leading column, what could be more opportune than the words of the government mouthpieces? Those whom we lately called foes (though it must not be imagined that we called them so with an undue amount of emphasis or regularity; the wind bloweth where it listeth, and the circulation heareth the sound thereof) may now be hailed as friends who have done us an inestimable service. We, whose whole desire has been to find a backbone for our Frankenstein, a basis for our argument, may now lay down our arms and rest upon our nettles. The blow has been struck upon the hanging shield that will wake the giant of the electoral castle from his slumbers; the cord has been drawn that will squeeze the electoral heart into a palpitating blood pump. The thing has been done. Not by us—how should that be?—but for us.

When Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n uttered, our case was pleaded. When he pronounced himself, our suit was won. The war, he said, must be carried to its inevitable conclusion, the future of the nation must be entrusted to hands which would not leave the plough until the furrow had reached the opposite hedge. Who is it that has spoken most of late about the inevitable conclusion? We have. Who was it that in the beginning deprecated so fiercely the possible probable shadow of annexation? We did. Who is it that has gently tacked and tacked again, trimmed the boat to the decimal of an ounce, sailing close to the wind, furling and unfurling, until with a fair wind the galley punt was headed for the shore with the flag of Imperialism floating proudly from the mast? We have. What hands so safe as those of the party for which a vast brain has, despite all the changes and chances of press popularity, so manipulated the leading article as to appear all things to all men?

Again, the furrow of which Surface speaks, what is it but the furrow which has shown itself upon the face of the youngest patriot of them all (such as ourselves) since the new arithmetic of a late Colenso? We will not suffer it to reach the other hedge. There has been a sufficiency of hedging and once the Liberal party, whose chances now are so much more rosy than they were before this article appeared, has returned to power, we will show you a thing.

If, after all, there are those—and this is possible—who are still ignorant of what that thing may be, who even shake their heads and ask what mean these words, we can only reply that the difficulties of sitting on the fence, or of taking any line, however devious, which shall not make confusion worse confounded in the ranks of a factious party, nor alienate altogether the sympathies of the many subscribers who are personally concerned in the price of peace, have been so stupendous as to make ordered thought or its expression a bunker beyond the capabilities of Bogey. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

"AWFUL."

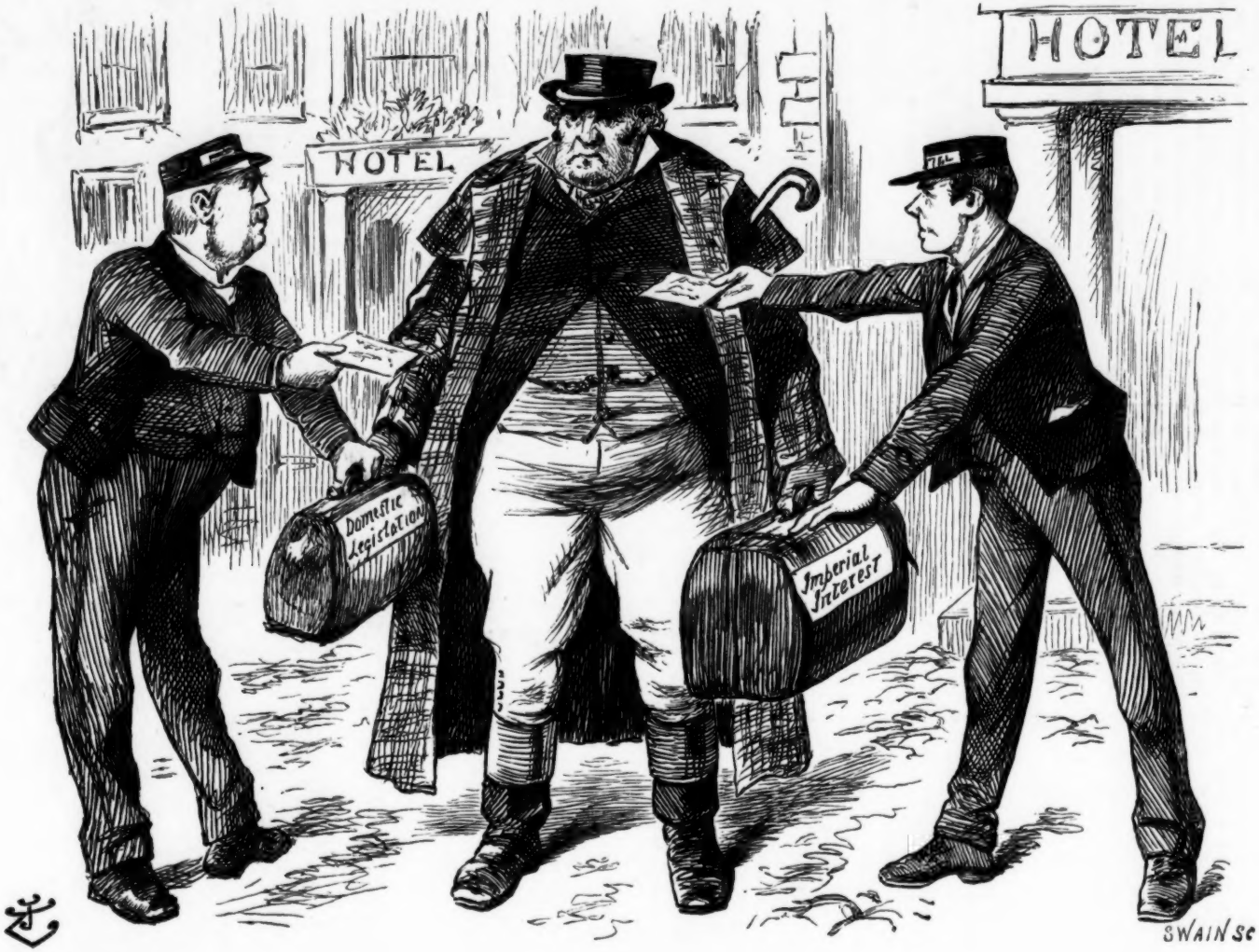
Dear word, that I have learned to love
From meeting you at every turn,
Around, about, beneath, above,
There's no employment that you spurn.

You serve to whet the appetite
That keeps alive the war reporter,
When newsboys at the dead of night
Appraise by you the worth of slaughter.

Disasters all by flood or field
Have found you faithful to the press,
Whose minions to your power yield
Considerably more than less.

And then you have your lighter mood,
Have served as predicate to "jolly."
And sponsor have to "beastly" stood
On lips that part in vacant folly.

Last, but not least, the reader whose
Unerring judgement finds the spot
For verdict on these lines may choose
The lightly uttered—"Awful rot!"



RIVAL TOUTS.

First Hotel Porter. "NICE QUIET HOUSE, SIR—AND VERY CHEAP!"
Second Hotel Porter. "MUCH BETTER STICK TO US, SIR. NEVER KNOW WHERE YOU ARE WITH 'EM, SIR—ALWAYS CHANGING HANDS!"

READY MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!

The Rt. Hon. George Joachim Goschen, 1st Viscount Sanctioner of Tunwich and Armamont (Baron Rivetham and Launcham on the Clyde and Elsewhere).

Arms—Quarterly: 1st, on a bench tressurée, a veteran statesman vert paly of eloquence, or double tressure tory countertory at the first, barbed in satire, trenchant in invective, spectacled proper and headed silver, holding tentatively in clutch from habit his dexter and sinister ribs, possibly reminiscent of Rugby rules (*Motto:* "I held firm on both sides."); 2nd, under a cap grisnez gaulois regardant sinister, an heraldic maunch or English Channel, azure in the main, barry wavy choppy in transit, potentially held commanded and controlled, semée at need of British battleships barbettée *gauchenois* in shoals; 3rd, a lozenge geraudellois of the voice, needed sadly in debate, but regulalée eschewed; 4th, on a ground lary crafty of finance, three persents proper, consolois of the City, reduced effrontée coolly by a half. *Crests:* 1st, an ex-checkered and weather-beaten man-of-war, quittant the line of battle, dropping anchor reluctant in a harbour of refuge; 2nd, out of a naval crown, a pier-head emergent proper, smothered up ermine snoozy nappy for the future. *Supporter:* Dexter, a figure of Neptune, or ancient sea-dog ozonée, tanned proper from exposure, scaly finny fishy in the limbs, lowering teary his trident in salute, on parting company, and by his side a legendary dolphin, broken to harness, and similarly guttée-de-larmes; sinister, a sea-horse proper of Whitehall, bearing the lowered flag of the Lords of the Admiralty, the entire staff broken down with emotion.

Second Motto: "Short-sighted for myself but far-seeing for the Nation."

LA PROVINCE A PARIS.

Anyone fond of crowds would have enjoyed himself in Paris recently. If he preferred crowds of peasants his happiness would have been complete. Most of the Americans and Germans have gone home, the English have not come, and Paris is entirely given up to the provincials. The 22,000 mayors, with their families and friends would have been quite enough, but they brought or have sent since, as it appears, their acquaintances and neighbours. Paris has been thick with mayors, mostly in antiquated top-hats, all of them quiet, serious men, except after that mighty *déjeuner* when they were jovial. But the crowd of mayors has been simply lost in the vaster crowd of their neighbours. The peasants swarm everywhere, in the exhibition, in the streets, in the railway stations. In serried lines of four or five, open-eyed, open-mouthed, all of them looking everywhere but in front, they ramble onwards, pointing out objects of interest with massive umbrellas which hit one in the chest, or with sharp-pointed sticks which hit one in the eye. Good honest people, in white caps and ancient hats, one is pleased to see them so happy, but one may not enjoy their company in narrow spaces. The vast extent of the Exhibition is a narrow space for their numbers. They swarm all over it, and picnic on the seats, the steps, or the grass. The ground is soon sprinkled with papers and empty bottles.

The Exhibition, which was pleasant in May, has degenerated into a mere fair to suit its present visitors. The Village Suisse which was quiet and pretty, has become a cheap bazaar. Even in the Petit Palais, that masterpiece of architecture worthy of its exquisite contents, there are placed, wherever possible, stalls for the sale of the gimcrack rubbish which one sees in the little shops of the Rue de Rivoli. Close to the Limoges enamels the peasants can buy a glass paper-weight with a coloured view of the Eiffel Tower, and quite near to the Pendule des Trois Grâces they can obtain a toy for a penny.

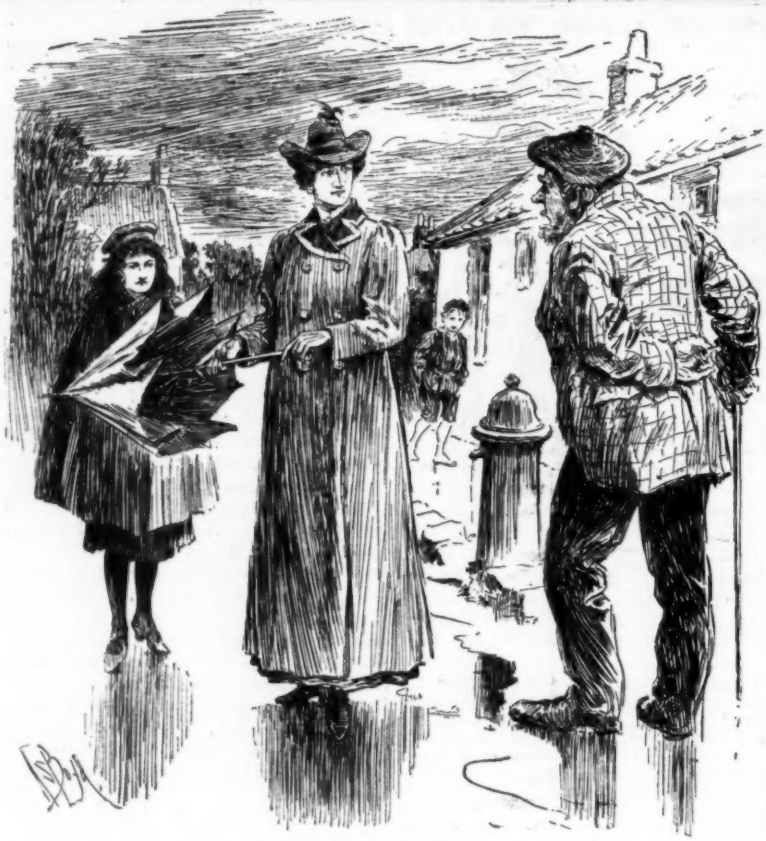
In the midst of these crowds, other people who have come to see the Exhibition are soon exhausted, and after a few hours murmur feebly "*Où est la sortie?*" or "Let's get out of this!" After a few days their one idea is to escape from the Exhibition. That became my one idea. I had not been to Versailles for twenty years, and I remembered that it seemed quiet then. The peasants were undoubtedly too much interested with the Exhibition to go anywhere else. There would be no one at Versailles. I resolved to spend a quiet Sunday there, far from the crowd.

On a beautiful morning I stroll to the tramway, which seems more pleasant than the train in such warm weather. The three cars, great clumsy things which rumble over the Place de la Concorde behind a horn-blowing locomotive, are entirely filled. A hundred and twenty people also going to Versailles for rest and quiet. Ah, well, they will be lost in the gardens! So I will take a cab to St. Lazare, and go by the train. It is a long train, and by the time it starts it is also filled. The second-class carriages have an *impériale*, so the train must carry nearly a thousand people, all of them going, like myself, for rest and quiet to Versailles. No matter. A thousand or so will be hardly noticed in the palace or the gardens.

The train is slow, for it takes an hour to go fourteen miles. The thousand of us arrive hungry for the long-delayed *déjeuner*, and hurry into the town. All the restaurants are full. The Hôtel des Réservoirs is so packed that people are standing round the doors, and one expects to see them falling out of the windows. Famished French people who like their *déjeuner* at twelve get it at half-past two. I stay as short a time as possible in the stifling *salle à manger*, ventilated only through a glass verandah facing the sun, and then hurry to the gardens, in search of that rest and quiet. I do not exactly find them, as some two or three hundred thousand people have come also. I see something of the great fountains between the heads of this vast crowd. I let it go first to the station, and follow slowly at dusk, being nearly crushed to death even then in a *salle d'attente* which has never been ventilated since it was built. I have the good luck to get a seat in a train at seven, and I reach St. Lazare at nine after my quiet Sunday at Versailles. How pleasant Paris will be next year!

H. D. B.

A Curious Transformation.—Mr. Goschen gives up the active work at the Admiralty with ships and shipping, and will become a *Pier!*



SCOTCH MIST.

"The rain seems to be clearing off at last, Sandy."
"Ay, I doot it's *threatenin' to be dry!*"

TO A COLLECTOR.

You do not gather fragile ware,
Nor gems in precious metal set,
Nor coins nor curios rich and rare,
To fill a costly cabinet.

Not books in comely bindings bound,
Nor bookplates decked with emblems strange,
Nor prints, afford the gleaning ground
Where your eccentric fancies range.

At Christy's none your voice may hear
With eager energy compete;
In your pursuit you need not fear
To be the dupe of Wardour Street.

No! but with keen observant eye
You scan the pavement and the floor,
And the impatient passer-by
For used tram-tickets you implore.

What though the pious hope be vain
(In which you fervently believe)
A million of them will the pain
Of some small sufferer relieve?

For one may doubt, confiding lad,
If our collectors each could plead
So kind a motive for his fad,
And haply not more wise indeed.

"OUR ONLY GENERAL."

Brown. Who is the General most talked about just now, Jones?

Jones. Of course, Lord Roberts.

Brown. No, guess again.

Jones. Sir Redvers Buller or French.

Brown. Wrong again. You must know.

Jones. Well, then, Lord Kitchener.

Brown. Out of it. Quite out of it.

Jones (angrily). Then I give it up. Who is it?

Brown (triumphant). General Election!

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A. Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER IV.

A Kick from a Friendly Foot.

She is a radiant damsel with features fair and fine;
But since betrothed to Bosom's friend she never can be mine!

Original Poem by H. B. J. (unpublished.)

Mr. Bhosh's bosom-friend, the Lord Jack Jolly, had kindly undertaken to officiate as his Palinurus and steer him safely from the Scylla to the Charybdis of the London Season, and one day Lord Jolly arrived at our hero's apartments as the bearer of an invite from his honble parent the Baronet, to partake of tiffin at their ancestral abode in Chepstow Villas, which Bindabun gratefully accepted.

Arrived at the Jolly's sumptuous interior, a numerous retinue of pampered menials and gilded flunkies divested Mr. Bhosh of his hat and umbrella and ushered him into the hall of audience.

"Bhosh, my dear old pal," said Lord Jack, "I have news for you. I am engaged as a Benedict, and am shortly to celebrate matrimony with a young goodlooking female—the Princess Vinolia Jones."

"My lord," replied Mr. Bhosh, "suffer me to hang around your patrician neck the floral garland of my humble congratulations."

"My dear Bhosh," responded the youthful peer of the realm, "I regard you as more than a brother, and am confident that when my betrothed beholds your countenance, she will conceive for you a similar lively affection. But hush! here she comes to answer for herself. . . . Princess, permit me to present to you the best and finest friend I possess, Mr. Bindabun Bhosh."

Mr. Bhosh modestly lowered his optics as he salaamed with inimitable grace, and it was not until he had resumed his perpendicular that he recognised in the Princess Jones the charming unknown whom he had last beheld engaged in repelling the assault of a distracted cow!

Their eyes were no sooner crossed than he knew that she regarded him as her deliverer, and was consumed by the most ardent affection for him. But Mr. Bhosh repressed himself with heroic magnanimity, for he reflected that she was the affianced of his dearest friend and that it was contrary to *bon ton* to poach another's jam.

So he merely said; "How do you do? It is a very fine day. I am delighted to make your acquaintance," and turning on his heels with a profound curtsey, he left her flabbergasted with mortification.

But those only who have compressed their souls in the shoe of self-sacrifice know how devilishly it pinches, and Mr. Bhosh's grief was so acute that he rolled incessantly on his couch while the radiant image of his divinity danced tantalisingly before his bloodshot vision.

Eventually he became calmer, and after plunging his fervid body into a foot-bath, he showed himself once more in Society, assuming an air of meretricious waggishness to conceal the worm that was busily cankering his internals, and so successful was he that Lord Jack was entirely deceived by his *vis comica* and invited him to spend the Autumn up the country with his respectable parents.

Mr. Bhosh accepted—but when he knew that Princess Vinolia was also to be one of the *amis de la maison*, he was greatly concerned at the prospect of infallibly reviving her love by his propinquity, and thereby inflicting the cup of calamity on his best friend. Willingly would he have imparted the whole truth to his Lordship and counselled him to postpone the Princess's visit until he, himself, should have departed—but, ah me! with all his virtue he was not a Roman Palladium that he should resist the delight of propinquity with the radiant queen of his soul. So he kept his tongue in his cheek.

However, when they met in the ancient and rural castle he constrained himself, in conversing with her, to enlarge enthusiastically upon the excellencies of Lord Jack. "What a good, ripping, gentlemanly fellow he was, and how certain to make a best quality husband!" Princess Jones listened to these encomiums with tender sighing, while her soft large orbs rested on Mr. Bhosh with ever-increasing admiration.

No one noticed how, after these elephantine efforts at self-denial, he would silently slip away and weep salt and bitter tears as he weltered dolefully on a doormat; nor was it perceived that the Princess herself was become thin as a weasel with disappointed love.

Being the ardent sportsman, Mr. Bhosh sought to drown his sorrow with pleasures of the chase.

He would sally forth alone, with no other armament than a breechloading rifle, and endeavour to slay the wild rabbits which infested the Baronet's domains, and sometimes he had the good fortune to slaughter one or two. Or he would take a rod and hooks and a few worms, and angle for salmons; or else he would stalk partridges, and once he even assisted in a foxhunt, when he easily outstripped all the dogs and singly confronted Master Reynard, who had turned to bay savagely at his nose. But Bindabun undauntedly descended from his horse, and, drawing his hunting dagger, so dismayed the beast by his determined and ferocious aspect that it turned its tail and fled into some other part of the country, which earned him the heartfelt thanks from his fellow Nimrods.

Naturally, such feats of arms as these only served to inflame the ardour of the Princess, to whom it was a constant wonderment that Mr. Bhosh did never, even in the most roundabout style, allude to the fact that he had saved her life from perishing miserably on the pointed horn of an enraged cow.

She could not understand that the Native temperament is too sheepishly modest to flaunt its deeds of heroism.

Those who are *au fait* in knowledge of the world are aware that when there are combustibles concealed in any domestic interior, there is always a person sooner or later who will contrive to blow them off; and here, too, the Serpent of Mischief was waiting to step in with cloven hoof and play the very deuce.

It so happened that the Duchess occupied the adjacent bungalow to that of Baronet Jolly and his lady, with whom she was hail-fellow-well-met, and this perfidious female set herself to ensnare the confidence of the young and innocent Princess by discreetly lauding the praises of Mr. Bhosh.

"What an admirable Indian Crichton! How many rabbits and salmons had he laid low that week? Truly, she regarded him as a favourite son, and marvelled that any youthful feminine could prefer an ordinary peer like Lord Jolly to a Native paragon who was not only a University B.A., but had successfully passed Bar Exam!" and so forth and so on.

The Princess readily fell into this insidious booby-trap, and confessed the violence of her attachment, and how she had striven to acquaint Mr. Bhosh with her sentiments but was rendered inarticulate by maidenly bashfulness.

"Can you not then slip a love-letter into his hand?" inquired the Duchess.

"*Cui bono?*" responded the Princess sadly. "Seeing that he never approaches near enough to me to receive such a missive, and I dare not entrust it to one of my maidens!"

"Why not to me?" said the Duchess. "He will not refuse it coming from myself; moreover, I have influence over him and will soften his heart towards thee."

Accordingly the Princess indicted a rather impassioned love-letter, in which she assured Mr. Bhosh that she had divined his secret passion and fully reciprocated it, also that she was the total indifferent to Lord Jack, with much other similar matters.

Having obtained possession of this *litera scripta*, what does the unscrupulous Duchess next but deliver it *impromptu* into the hands of Lord Jack, who, after perusing it, was overcome by uncontrollable wrath and instantaneously summoned our hero to his presence.

Here was the pretty kettle of fish—but I must reserve the sequel for the next chapter.

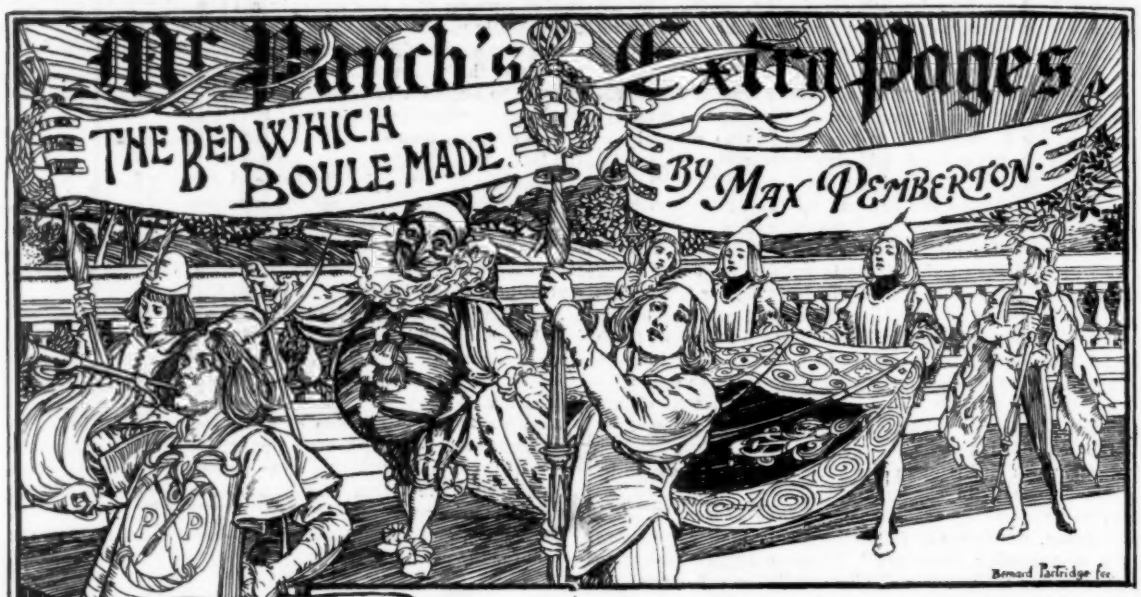
(*To be continued*).

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *The Love that Lasts* (Ward, Lock & Co.) Florence Warden gives us a sort of Scotch Blue Beardy story, in fact, its resemblance to that classic nursery tale is so evident as to have struck the authoress herself, since she makes the heroine's confidential companion, Beatrice Lorimer, say, "Still there 's always a sort of Blue Beard's-chamber fascination about anything you can't see, isn't there?" And what is it the brave soldier but, at the same time, crack-brained, unprincipled, sun-stroked Chief of the Clan Roskeen conceals from his wife in the mysterious Blue-Chambery part of the ancient castle? Are they headless wives? or wives with heads and sad tales? It is someone of the feminine gender, of whom the suspicious heroine and the curious reader hear a little, guess a lot, but never, never, see!! No, *never!* For, just at the moment when we are about to penetrate the awful secret, the invisible female vanishes altogether! Then there is a kind of "Mad Moll" about the place; but that 's another story. There is also a shrieking, gibbering, vicious urchin of uncertain sex and mixed nationality, who plays antics through various passages of the Castle and of the story like some malicious hobgoblin, until the imp suddenly and unaccountably disappears from this romance of unreal life, in a flash, like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. "*Pour vous distraire, mon cher lecteur,*" says the Baron, "I recommend this novel to your distinguished consideration."

The Oxford University Press—the House Beautiful of Books—has achieved fresh triumphs. With the help of his magic India paper, Mr. Frowde has been able to produce a prayer-book printed in clear type and of convenient size for the pocket. The pages measure five inches by two and a-half. Yet, my Baronite finds the book as easy to read as his Family Bible, and much more convenient to carry to and from church. A volume of the same superficial area, slightly thicker, contains "Hymns Ancient and Modern," thus fully equipping the church-goer. Another novelty in a well-tilled field is the publication in a single volume of a carefully-arranged combination of the old and the revised version of the Bible. This is so skilfully done that both texts may be read in the same page, every difference between the two versions, including punctuation, being recognised at a glance.

The Baron de B.-W.



IT was a bright idea, but unfortunately he remembered that this is a world of sacrifice, where the law misapprehends even the motives of the best of us. That the Duke was a monster to come to Paris at all, he readily admitted. Had not the family, after many scandals and revelations which the Press declared to be unfit for publication (but published, nevertheless, with headlines and italics), persuaded the crazy old fellow to retire to his château at Blois; and having done as much, proceeded to forget his very existence. He was mad; there was no doubt of it. No other plea would have saved the family honour and closed the family purse. And when it came to a question of little IRÈNE's marriage, who would consult on old imbecile who could not be right in his head because he had no head worth speaking about to be right in? Madame la Baronne declared that the Comte DE BARRES was a worthy husband for her niece. IRÈNE admitted blushingly that she was unworthy of the Comte DE BARRES, and on that account would marry him. But no one thought of asking the Duke's permission or consulting him. As well consult the statues on the Place de la Concorde. The marriage would go on without him. Some day he would be told in his saner moments.

CÉLESTIN recalled all this as he stood on the landing, and his blood boiled within him—at least, he was under the delusion that something of that sort was going on, for he felt uncommonly desperate; and, as he professed, if anyone had stood before him just then he would not have been responsible for the consequences. But whatever the precise condition of his mental equilibrium, he behaved strangely for one with such desperate resolves; and his first act was to withdraw the shoes from his feet, and to enter the green room with muted and very dainty steps. Having done as much, he stood for a little while to be quite sure that the old Duke was asleep; and being assured of it by heavy and regular breathing, which bore some distant resemblance to a church organ in the tuner's hands, he advanced quickly to the bed which BOULE made, and began to turn one of the pillars of it very quickly and dexterously.

"Luckily, I oiled the rollers last time I tried it," he said to himself, "or this old cock would dream of the fall of Jericho. Stop the marriage, would he? We'll see about that."

It was an odd action; but not less odd than the bed by which he stood. You had been as blind as a bat not to have noticed the BOULE bed the moment you entered the famous apartment. High, four-posted, canopied, with carved wood at the head of it, carved wood at the tail of it, the BOULE bed stood out in the room as some splendid baldachino, some monument of an historic past when beds were beds and no mistake about it. But the very oddest thing about it was the fact, that no sooner had CÉLESTIN begun to turn the pillar at the foot of it than down came a fourth side, cunningly concealed in the canopy above, and so skilfully made that it shut in the whole affair, and covered up the Duke and his snores just for all the world like a great box with four carved sides to it. And this was not the end; for when CÉLESTIN had ceased to turn the right-hand pillar, he began to turn the left, and went on turning it until a jar upon his hand told him that his work was done, and need not be done again until thirty-six hours had passed.

"There, my boy," he muttered with satisfaction, "you'll break your daughter's heart will you! Well, get up and do it, then; get up and do it. And don't you say nothing against BOULE beds when next you hear of them. They're splendid, I tell you; first class, as you'll find out to-morrow."

He rubbed his hands in childish glee, and left the apartment quickly. On the landing he went to a little panel in the wall, whereon the head of CHARLES IX was painted; and, touching a spring, the panel opened to his hand.

"Right," he said to himself; "we'll put some victuals there

in the morning, and then no murder will be done. But you ain't a-going to the wedding, old cock—not by a long way."

* * * * * *

At five o'clock upon the following morning, the Duke of Montmirail opened his eyes and remembered the maxim about the early bird.

"More fool the worm," he said gaily, as he sprang out of bed in frolicsome glee, "more fool the worm for his early habits. I never did like worms, and I am not going to begin. Ha, ha! my little Irène, how pleased you will be to hear papa—how very pleased to kiss your dear old father, who has come all the way from Blois to see you. And Madame la Baronne, who said that I was mad—the old cat!"

He stood a moment with an article of attire in either hand to reflect upon the enormity of that slander. He, the twenty-fifth Duke of Montmirail, mad! He would show them how mad he was. Not that he denied an occasional delusion, for the best man is liable to that, especially after the wines of Spain. But there were delusions and delusions. On this particular day the Duke could have sworn that he was the victim of some mild hallucination, and that the bedroom in which he now found himself was different from the bedroom in which he had slept last night. And the bed too! He had a dim recollection of a great canopied bed, which reminded him of nothing so much as the baldachino in St. Peter's at Rome. But this bed was not a canopy; it was an alcove; it seemed built into the wall. He recognised, it is true, the carvings at the head and the foot of it, and the carved wooden back; but who ever saw a carving that is different from any other carving? The Duke scratched his head: then he shook it. There was nothing strange in it, no rattling of loose ends. He had dreamed of the canopied bed, he said; in reality there had been no such thing. And he remembered, for his better consolation, that he had seen the bedroom by gaslight. Naturally, it would seem strange to him in the colder light of dawn.

The matter, after all, was not of much consequence, for there were more important things to be thought of; and, first, of his appearance in the rooms below, where all must soon be ready for the marriage-feast. His mouth watered when he remembered the good things that would have reason to groan on the tables below. He must make an imposing appearance on that scene, he said; his tastes were divided between a pompous surprise at the Madeleine and a dramatic coup at the *mairie*. In either case somebody would be very much astonished—and for that he had come from Blois.

He had put on some of his clothes by this time, and now he thought that he would ring for his hot water. It was strange that he could not find a bell-rope in the room; but when he came to look a little closer he observed that this omission was not the only strange one in that apartment. Indeed, he has himself admitted that his subsequent discovery surprised him very much indeed—for what should dawn upon him as he peered about the chamber but the fact that, not only did it lack such a useful adjunct as a bell-rope but that it had no door at all—the devil of one that he could see. "And what," asked the Duke of himself, "and what is the good of a room which has not got a door?"

It was a ridiculous question for a man to put to himself, as he admitted presently when he went round the room step by step, and felt all the panels, and bruised his shins against the wainscotting and shouted very loudly for someone to come and let him out. When he had somewhat recovered his normal state of reason he argued closely, but was no nearer a solution than he had been at the beginning.

"For," said he, "if there is no door, how the devil did I get in? And if there was a door, who the devil has taken it away and what has he done with it?"

Other problems of a similar nature tormented his awakening mind. If there were no door, what was the good of him ringing for Célestin to open it. Or again, while he could imagine a door without a room, he could by no means see the use of a room without a door. The essential fact of his presence there tortured a sensitive nature. "The devil take the door," he said; and admitted that in all probability such a request had been anticipated.

A long time passed before the Duke moved from the bed again. The room without a door was a kind of problem to him. He felt that he would have been glad of a paper and pencil to work it all out. Not that it was a bad room—not by any means. The furniture of it, though it was very dusty, seemed elegant and in the fashion of the last century. But he remembered that Célestin had spoken of the green room, and the scheme of this was pink. A view from the window did not help his muddled brain, for he saw nothing but a blank wall; and blank walls suggest prison bars, as all the world knows. Much more to his liking was a flask of red wine and some crisp bread, with fine Normandy butter, placed on a curious little shelf just under a portrait of the Pompadour. The Duke drank of the wine freely, but did not eat the bread. "I will wait until *déjeuner*," he said; and sat down to argue about the door again.

"I am not mad, or I should not be able to put the door and the room together," was his standpoint. "If there never was a door I never came here, which is absurd. I am a little weak in the head, it is true, but weakness of the head does not drive doors away, and this door has gone, marched, *vamped*, vanished, hey presto, in a flash. *Ergo*, if I am not mad, the door is, which is another absurdity. I will not think about it at all. I will go to sleep, and when I wake up the door will be there again."

Very slowly and soberly he undressed and went to bed again; but not to sleep, for he caught himself opening his eyes often to see if the door had come back again, and once in a moment of great fear he stood up and bawled for help, crying chiefly for Célestin to come in to his assistance. "And do not knock upon the door," he added, when his cries were unanswered. It was very strange that no one heard him, he

thought. True, there were few sounds from the house itself—only a rumbling of wheels through the window without, as of carriages arriving and departing, and the distant music of church bells gaily ringing. Strange to say, the Duke, in his perplexity, had forgotten all about the reason of his visit to Paris. His one desire was to find the door which did not exist. It could not possibly be that a whole day would pass, and the door continue obstinate. In his angrier moods he beat upon the walls with his fist and bawled "Murder!" A silence as of the grave was the only response.

Through the heat of the day, and still when twilight fell, and again as darkness came down, the Duke was a prisoner of the doorless room. He had passed through many phases of alarm and doubt when night set in; had cried often for help, and shed tears of rage, and implored countless saints to help him. It was midnight, indeed, when he fell asleep; morning when he woke to see the door in its place again, and the great canopied bed just as it was, and the furniture and the hangings in all their splendour of historic green. Nor is it beyond belief that his first action was, as Célestin has declared, to turn the ebony handle, and, standing a moment in the corridor, to kiss the painted panels of the barrier which had so tortured him.

"There was a door, after all," he cried. "Célestin, the coffee—the coffee! I am dying with hunger."

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Célestin appeared on the instant, and saluted his master gravely.

"You have passed a good night, Monsieur?"

"A terrible night, Célestin; I dreamed that someone had taken away the door."

Célestin put down the hot-water, and sighed.

"My poor master," he exclaimed, "how ill you are!"

"But I am not ill, fellow; I was never better in my life. Where is Madame la Baronne?"

"She has left Paris for Chantilly, Monsieur."

"You say——?"

"She has left Paris for Chantilly, Monsieur."

"And Mademoiselle Irène?"

"Is with Monsieur le Comte at Trouville. She has gone on his yacht."

The Duke sat on the bed like one shot.

"Célestin," he said, "do you think that I am mad?"

"Ah, my poor master, how shall I tell you?"

"Come, no nonsense! Did I arrive in Paris last night, or did I not?"

Célestin pretended to make a calculation.

"You arrived in Paris, Monsieur, on the third day after the 10th of May as I know by——"

"Faugh! the man is mad!"

"Oh, I've a splendid memory for dates, Monsieur. As I was telling Jules——"

"Hold your tongue, fellow. Who was it that showed me a *salle-à-manger* decked out for a wedding yesterday?"

"A *salle-à-manger* decked out for a wedding—oh, my poor master!"

"And a *salon* prepared for a *soirée*?"

"Oh, my poor master!"

"Who was it told me that my daughter was to be married to-day?"

"Oh, my poor master! Why, they've been married—why, let me see—the first Tuesday after the last Sunday in Lent; add ten to that, and see what it makes, Monsieur."

The Duke groaned.

"Madame la Baronne said that I was—Bah! the old cat. Is it true, then; is it true?"

Célestin shook his head.

"The family speaks of it in hushed whispers, Monsieur."

The Duke groaned again.

"Célestin, I am certainly mad."

"Do not speak of it, my dear master."

"Last night I woke up in a room trimmed in pink. The bed was an alcove; I could not see a door. Now, as one man to another, what does that mean?"

Célestin thought for quite a long time. Then he said—

"Mean, Monsieur, why that you should leave Paris, now, this very minute, and go back to Blois. That's what it means, Monsieur."

The Duke jumped up with the agility of a boy.

"I will go when I have breakfasted," he said.

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At a later hour, when the Duke of Montmirail had departed from the western terminus, Célestin, the valet, took Jules the cook to the green room on the second floor and showed him the bed which Boule made.

"Ah, my boy," said he, "there's a bed for a gay old spark. They've all forgotten it in this house except me. Just look at it while I work the machinery. Turn the pillar near the wall, and the back goes up, you see, and there's the pink room beyond it. Now turn the other pillar, and down comes a new back on our side, and what have you got, why, a bed in another room, that's all you've got—a bed in a room without a door. Alcove one side, and canopy the other—ah! they knew a thing or two in those days."

Jules shook his head sagely.

"It is a bed to take home your second wife to," said he.